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für deutsche Sprache und Pädagogik.
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Treu Gedenken.

Das war ein fröhlich Tagen
In holder Friedenszeit;
Von Goethes Geist getragen,
Wie drang der Ruf so weit:
„Ihr Freunde überm Meere,
Rauscht her zum jungen Strand;
Dem deutschen Wort zur Ehre
Ergreift die Bruderhand!“

Der Wunsch war kaum verkündet,
Da schwillt und rollt die Flut;
Vom Blitze wild entzündet
Strahlt Land und Meer in Glut.
Und statt zu frohem Feste
Ging's fort auf düstre Wacht;
Wir trauern um die Gäste:
Es tobt die blut'ge Schlacht.

Wo, mild und treu im Kriege,
Ein Lehrer niedersank,
Das gilt auch uns zum Siege,
Der Himmel lohn's ihm Dank.
Den Toten unsre Klage,
Den Waisen unser Brot,
Dass stillen Segen trage
Der Treuen Heldentod!

Heinrich Lienhard